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Disease is sometimes connected with dwarfism in such a way as to wear some appearance of being its cause. Dantlow, thirty inches high, was very rickety, and even monstrous in his formation. His smallness of stature appears to have arisen from the malformations produced in his bones and limbs, especially in the vertebral column, by the rickets. Though without arms, and afflicted with a grievous malady, he was, at thirty years of age, of an agreeable figure, and full of intelligence and address. He wrote a legible hand in Latin and Russ with his left foot. By the same means he made pen-drawings and engravings of no mean kind. He also knitted stockings, and for that purpose formed needles of wood. He ate, as well as dressed and undressed himself, with his left foot. In a word, he executed a great number of almost incredible things. Having a great desire for knowledge, he learned with great facility. At the same time, he succeeded in maintaining a cheerful disposition.

This instance suffices to show, that dwarfs are not necessarily those churls, or those idiots which some authorities have fancied. A proof to the same effect is found in Nannetta Stocker, who was exhibited as a dwarf in the early part of this century. She was very intellectual, and had great skill on the piano. The following inscription on her tombstone, which stands in the graveyard of St. Phillip, in Birmingham, expresses the opinion which was entertained of this remarkable dwarf by all who knew her:—

In Memory

or

NANNETTA STOCKER,

Who quitted this life the fourth day of May, 1819,
at the age of thirty-nine years.

The smallest woman of this kingdom, and one of the most accomplished.
She was not more than thirty-three inches high.

She was a native of Austria.

The cure of dwarfism lies beyond the reach of human art. Yet, whatever tends to improve the natural development and general vigour of the human frame, may not unreasonably be supposed to exert a favourable check on tendencies to the production of dwarfs. Our ordinary modes of life are unhappily detrimental to the soundness, vigour, and due development of the human frame. As an animal, man is subject to the ordinary laws of animal existence; and there is little reason to doubt that a proper regard in intermarriages to the soundness and general well-being of the constitution, would, under the favour of Divine Providence, in due time give birth to a race of men far superior to that which now exists, and less liable to the painful exceptions in distortion and diminutive stature that occasionally appear. The conclusion finds support in the fact, that dwarfs are not seldom rickety. This disorder has its origin partly in a weak and disordered maternal frame, and in bad and ignorant nursing; and might be expected to yield, at least to some extent, to the healing and strengthening operation of that wise physiological education, which all human beings, and specially girls, ought to receive as a part of their training in the home and in the school.

NICHOLAS FERRY, SURNAMED BEBE.

Nicholas Ferry offers a subject of considerable interest, because born nearer our own times, and at an epoch when the importance of observation was better felt, his life has been more exactly studied, not only in regard to his physical condition, but also his intellectual and moral faculties. He was born in November, 1741, at Plaisnes in the principality of Salins, in the mountains called the Vosges, in the north-east of France. His parents were well formed, and of ordinary stature. They had several children after him. At the time of his birth he was eighteen inches long, and weighed twelve ounces. The pains of labour were felt twice, and each time they lasted four and twenty hours. He was carried to church to be baptised on a dish decorated with fringe. His first cradle was a large wooden shoe carefully padded. So small

was his mouth that he could not use the nipple, and he was in consequence fed on goats' milk. At six months he was attacked by the small-pox. When eighteen months old, he began to speak; but it was not before the end of his second year that he was able to walk. Gay, lively, petulant, like a squirrel, he was ever in movement and always out of place. The most constant and closest attention was required to keep him out of danger. As a precaution a separate apartment was assigned as his playroom. The coarse fare customary in the mountains, such as greens and potatoes seasoned with a little lard, was his only food until the age of six. During this period he gave no signs of growth. His superstitious parents fancied that he was under some evil fascination. Some writers describe him in his childhood, fighting like a brave knight against turkey-cocks, and putting them to flight. They also speak of an ewe who took him under her patronage.

His fame began to spread. Curiosity brought strangers from all sides to see and examine him. Stanislaus, the benevolent king of Poland, who, after losing his crown, assumed the title of Duke of Lorraine, heard of the new Lilliputian, and requested to see him. His father took him in a basket, which he carried on his arm, to Lunéville, where the duke resided. His grace was astounded at the sight, and proposed to his father that the boy should remain in his palace. The villager had great difficulties in coming to a conclusion, but reflecting on the advantages which were likely to ensue to his family as well as the child, he yielded to the desire. At this epoch, he was carefully examined by Monsieur Kast, the queen's physician, who reported on him to the following effect:—"All the parts of his body were well proportioned. He had a pretty face, a well-made aquiline nose; his eyes were of a deep brown colour; his hair white and silvery; he was partially marked with the small-pox. He weighed nine pounds seven ounces, and was about two-and-twenty inches high."

A new era now commenced for Nicholas Ferry. Clothes and furniture correspondent to his own size were made for him. A delicate and nutritious diet succeeded the humble fare of his father's cottage. He became an object of vivid interest in the duke's court. Amusements were devised for his recreation. He was sought after and caressed by the ladies of honour. He was the jewel and the toy of the whole palace. He seemed destined to lead a golden existence. But his higher faculties remained inert. His friends and admirers were unable to teach him to read and write, and all their efforts failed to excite within him any religious ideas. To dance, and to beat the time of the dance with some exactness, were the only lessons in which he made proficiency. The historians of the time declare that his intelligence was little above that of a well-trained dog. Nor do they appear to have been in error, for when, a fortnight after his arrival at Lunéville, his mother came to see him, he scarcely knew her. However, at her departure the instinct of nature revived within him: he threw himself into her arms, loaded her with kisses, and at first refused to be separated. Though ordinarily he manifested little sensibility, he formed a singular attachment to his princely patron. Then it was that he received the surname of Bebe. The following was the occasion:—In his fruitless attempts at acquiring the art of reading, he succeeded only in mastering the vowels. All the consonants he pronounced indistinctly as B. Stanislaus, in amusement, imitating his voice, called him B, B, Bebe. The joke became a nickname, which he never lost.

At six years of age his voice had no more volume than that of an infant a year old. His knees, especially the right knee, protruded somewhat, a circumstance which diminished his height by about half an inch. Not an instant did he remain quiet. Of an extraordinary vivacity, he learned to profit by the instructions he received in exercises of the body. They got made for him a small musket, which he succeeded in handling adroitly. He learned some military evolutions. Not seldom the court assembled to see Bebe, on a large table, go through his exercises in the uniform of a grenadier. While his intellect remained dormant, the passions were developed;

He was prone to anger and jealousy, his feelings were too strong for his intellect. His mind was confused; there was no order, no sequence in his words. He showed only that vague intelligence which arises from circumstances, from the senses being struck, from momentary influences. Danger he did not know. Hurried on by his intense emotions and blind desires, he never allowed himself to be turned aside from an object, how frivolous soever. He had a graceful smile, though it was but seldom seen. Little as was his sensibility, he was capable of gratitude, and showed much regard to the ladies from whom he received attentions.

On one occasion, Stanislaus made him the hero of a comedy which he devised for the amusement of his court. The duke invited to dinner a number of lords, ladies, and persons of distinction. At the dessert, a train of the sweetest music arose in an apartment contiguous to the dining-room. Whilst the guests lent a gratified ear to its notes, the servants brought in a magnificent pastry, made in the form of a citadel, with towers, bastions, turrets, and ramparts, furnished with pieces of artillery and other warlike instruments, all in sugar. Every eye was fixed in admiration on this masterpiece of confectionery architecture; when of a sudden the crust broke asunder, and the dwarf darted out armed cap-à-pie. Firing a pistol and brandishing a sword, he made pretence to fall on the officers who were present, and who seemed no little disconcerted at the unforeseen attack. Laughter broke forth and echoed round the board. After his campaign, Bebé returned, and took post as sentinel near the pie, when, in his turn, he was assailed with showers of sweetmeats thrown by the ladies, under which he was almost borne down. After he had valiantly endured the onslaught, the redoubtable warrior was praised, admired, and fondled. The story of the pastry, narrated at full length in the journals of the day, raised his celebrity to its zenith. Stanislaus caused his portrait to be painted in all manners, and took pleasure in making presents of it to his friends. Foreigners of distinction, and even princes, travelled to the ducal court, in order to see the marvellous dwarf. Several attempts were made to get possession of his person, and carry him off. They all failed. Now, a servant who had been gained over for the purpose, suddenly seized Bebé, and put him in his pocket. Now, a postillion hid him in one of his capacious boots. And now again, he was laid hold of and enveloped in the capè of a travelling-coat. But the dwarf uttered the most piercing cries, and so effected his liberation.

To preclude the possibility of his being stolen, several pages were placed around his person, who were commanded to accompany him everywhere, and never to leave him by himself. The restraint became painful. He felt as a prisoner, and fell into a deep melancholy, under which he pined away. To relieve his tedium and restore his cheerfulness, Stanislaus benevolently employed a thousand ingenious resources. He caused to be constructed for him a beautiful house that moved on wheels. It was a veritable mansion, with vestibule, hall, parlours, and bed-chambers; in the exterior was a garden planted with trees, adorned with flowers, set out with lawns, and refreshed with ponds of water. All the furniture was in proportion to the size of its master. A room was set apart for billiards, and various other means of amusement were provided. Moreover it was peopled with dwarf animals of all kinds; here was a leveret not larger than a rat; there a pair of turtle doves, a present from the empress of Russia, white as snow, and not bigger than a sparrow. Children from the village were invited to share in these amusements; and soon Bebé's sadness disappeared.

About this time Stanislaus went to the court of Versailles to pay a visit to his daughter, the Queen Marie Leczinska, the spouse of Louis XV. The favourite was one of the party. He was not allowed to quit the prince. Indeed he did not leave him for a single moment. He dined at his side, he slept in the same chamber. He became the admiration of all the great ladies of the French court, who, charmed with his politeness, disputed one with another for his possession, and passed him from hand to hand.

On his return from Versailles, Bebé resumed his former mode of life. But it was seen that his feeble intelligence still grew weaker. One day, being in the country, he went into a field, the grass of which was taller than himself. He thought himself lost, and began to cry for help. He also became more irascible. We have said he was jealous. We give an instance. The person whom he seemed to love most, after his benefactor, was the Princess de Talmond, a woman of great mental adroitness, who had taken considerable pains for his education. Bebé became so attached to her, that he could not endure that she should love any object more than himself. Seeing that lady one day fondling a little dog, he fell into a passion, snatched it from her hands, and throwing it out of the window, exclaimed, "Why do you love it more than me?" Yet Bebé had not a bad heart. He loved to do good. His greatest pleasure was to distribute to the poor out of his well-furnished purse. Every Sunday, placing himself in the balcony of the mansion, he threw out to them pence wrapped in papers of different colours. When among the indigent applicants he observed a child, he substituted shillings for the pence, and took care that the object of his favour received his bounty.

On reaching the age of fifteen, Bebé manifested tokens of puberty. But this his age of maturity was also the epoch of his decline. He was then nine-and-twenty inches high. His health began to suffer rapidly. His features lost their graceful expression. His spine took a curvature; his limbs became weak; his head stooped. All the signs of premature old age appeared.

In the year 1761, a strange ceremony took place at Lunéville. A female dwarf, fifteen years old, and about thirty-three inches high, born also in the Vosges, was brought to the duke's palace. It was resolved that she should be betrothed to Bebé. The couple were richly attired. Grand festivities took place, at which the dwarfs occupied the place of honour. Nevertheless, the marriage was not consummated; death put a stop to it by carrying Bebé off before it was concluded.

The last year of his life Bebé seemed beaten down. He ate very little. He became sad, disquieted, insensible to everything, and wept much. Hardly was he able to walk. His face became wrinkled. In the month of May, 1764, he fell ill; a cold and fever threw him into a lethargy, out of which he occasionally revived, but without regaining the power of speech. His mother came to lavish her cares upon him, but scarcely did he recognise her. The last four days of his existence he became more sensible to outer objects; ideas at once more correct and more consecutive than he had given utterance to in health, astonished those who were around him. Stanislaus was then at Nancy. Several times Bebé urgently asked to see his "good friend," repeating every moment the name of his benefactor, he breathed his last in his mother's lap, just after he had said, "I shall not then be able to kiss once more the hand of my kind friend." He expired on the 9th of June, 1764, being nearly twenty-three years of age. His height was at the time three-and-thirty inches.

The duke of Lorraine felt his loss severely. He gave Bebé a magnificent funeral. The heart of the dwarf was embalmed, and placed in a mausoleum erected to his memory in the church des Minimes at Lunéville. On this tomb his portrait was engraved, with an inscription in Latin. He was also modelled in wax, and the statue is still preserved in the cabinet of the Faculty of Medicine at Paris. His skeleton has been preserved among the anatomical collections of the Museum of Natural History in that metropolis. The following is a translation of his epitaph:—

HERE LIES
NICHOLAS FERRY,
A Lorraine.

Nature's plaything. In virtue of the smallness of his

Stature, he was beloved by the modern

Antoninus.

Old in the flower of existence. For him five lustres were an age.

He died the 9th of June, in the year 1764.